

Sunday Street

Squeeze

I'm down the lane on Sunday morning
Hung over and forever yawning
I look for trousers that will fit me
She buys a yellow shirt that's sickly
A sarsaparilla drink turns white teeth shades of pink
Sunday league play in the sunshine
I hear the whistle blow at halftime
With chapped legs and muddy shorts
They walk home past the tennis courts
A pint of prawns in hand
I hear a ragtime band

On Monday
I want the weekend to come
On Tuesday
I'm glad that Monday is done
Then Wednesday
And Thursday fly by
Then on Friday and Saturday night
We get happy till Sunday is through

Siesta time in the living room
Snores go in and out of tune
After tea time we're off to the pub
To play in the trivia club
How long's the river Thames?
It's where the evening ends
In my bed I'm reading poetry
No one knows what's come over me
I close the book and turning out the light
I hear the sound of Monday outside